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"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 19

AN OPEN LETTER.

Mr. PROSPEROUS FARMER,
Wolverine, Mich.:

Dear Sir:—Perhaps you will need a new Binder or Mower this season, or in the near future, and we wish to call your attention to the merits of the machines we are manufacturing. We have been in this business nearly forty years, and have a practical knowledge of what is needed in a Binder or Mower, and we claim that the CHAMPION machines are by far the best in the market, and best worth the money asked for them. True, other manufacturers make similar claims for their machines; not only that, but the agent of the inferior, cheaply built machine will tell you that the Binders are all about alike, and all do good work, and will urge you to buy his machine because it's cheap. Amid these conflicting statements you may find it difficult to decide just what machine is best, and best worth the money asked for it, and best suited to your needs, and it is our purpose in this letter to assist you in this matter. Of course, only one machine is best; and it is as absurd to say that all the harvesting machines now offered for sale are alike and equally valuable as to say that all horses are alike and of the same value. Whatever the agents for other machines may say or do, we will not misrepresent in any case. Harvesting machinery that is properly designed, that is well made, of first-class material, by responsible manufacturers, needs no misrepresentation. Indeed, its sale is injured among intelligent and thoughtful farmers by any misstatement of facts. We will not recommend the CHAMPION for what it cannot do, nor exaggerate its many advantages. It is not the lowest priced machine, but it is the best, and best worth the money asked for it.

The warranty that we give on CHAMPION Binders is the best evidence of our sincerity in making these claims, for while the manufacturers of some other Binders simply warrant their machines to work, and others again only warrant theirs to cut the grain (and they may fail entirely to bind, and yet fill the warranty), the CHAMPION is fully warranted, not only to cut and bind the grain, but to do it as well as it can be done by any other Binder. If there were any words to make this warranty still stronger, we would use them. There are so many conditions of ground and grain in which the machines made by our competitors cannot compete with the CHAMPION, or do as good work, that it would be ruinous to them to give the same warranty that we do.

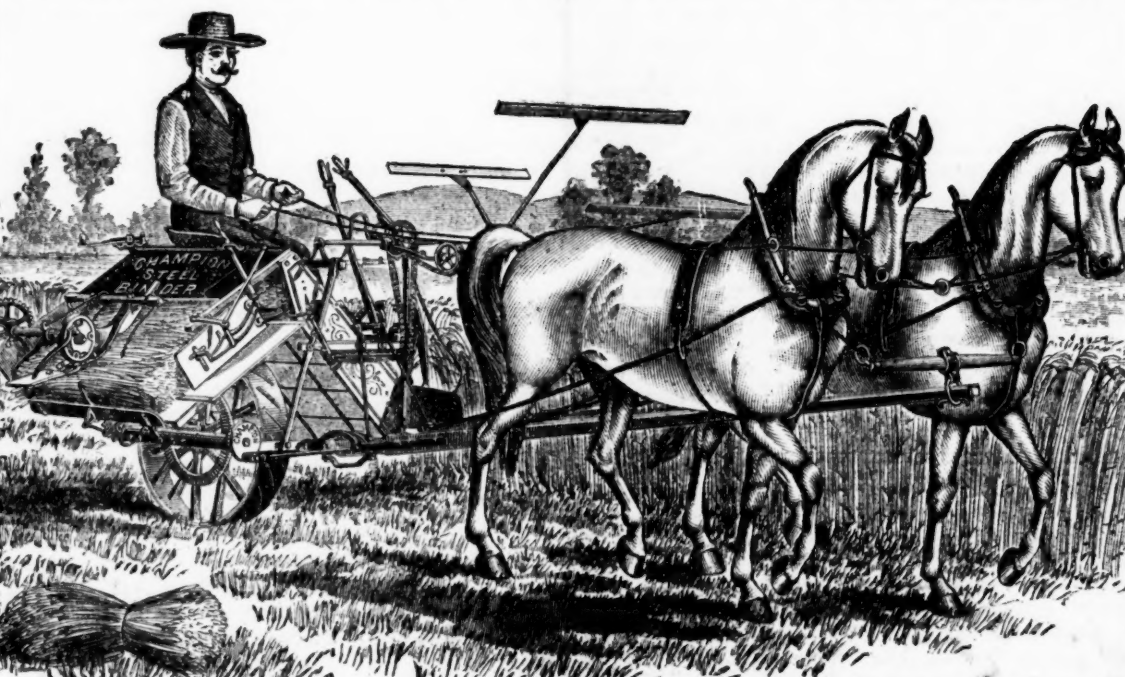
We take it that when you buy a Binder and a Mower you will select machines that you really think to be first-class; machines that will harvest your grain and grass without any doubt; that will do the work in any condition of ground or crop; that are light draft and easily managed; that have been thoroughly tested and proved satisfactory, reliable and durable, and that contain all the latest practical improvements for harvesting grain and grass. It is true economy for you to buy such machines, even if the first cost is a few dollars greater than others. Of the many things in connection with farming that require thought and judgment, none is more important or demands more careful consideration than the selection of harvesting machinery. Even the choice of the land itself is not more important. The land may be good, and the crop sown with care and thoroughly cultivated, but if through failure on the part of the machinery the crop is not properly harvested, then all the previous labor and expense has gone for naught. Now, Mr. Farmer, if you were in need of a horse and one was submitted to you for inspection, you would look him over very carefully and would try especially to detect any blemishes or defects, and we suggest that you adopt the same wise plan in your selection of a Binder or Mower, and we ask permission to direct your attention to some points on Binders and Mowers where defects are likely to be found.

First of all, on the Harvester we suggest that you examine the connection between the main frame and master wheel. This is the back-bone of the machine, and in proportion as this connection is made properly and mechanically will the machine be of light draft and durable. On the CHAMPION you will not find any complicated set of Sector standards that permit a variable relation in the gears, making them too tight at one extreme and too loose at another, and that allow the master wheel to cant over, causing rapid wear and heavy draft. On the CHAMPION you will find that the gear wheels at this connection have been set in proper position at the factory by skilled mechanics, and are so secured that they will always remain in that position. The main gear on the CHAMPION Harvester is warranted never to bind or cut. If you buy a CHAMPION you can drive across a dead furrow or rut without bridging it over, and you can be sure that you will not have a break-down, requiring a trip to town and an outlay of money for new Sector standards while your grain is spoiling. We will guarantee that, also.

Other machine agents will tell you that the CHAMPION cannot be raised or lowered on the "bull-wheel." Neither could CHAMPION Reapers, and yet they saved the crops better than any other Reaper in their time. The CHAMPION Harvester and Binder is guaranteed to be as much superior to other Binders in its durability and capacity for doing good work as the CHAMPION Reaper was superior to all other Reapers. There is no grain that the CHAMPION cannot handle successfully.

You will be told that the only way in which the height of cut can be changed on the CHAMPION is by tilting it down, which is not true. When the platform on the CHAMPION stands level, it is suitable for a medium height of cut; for tall grain it is slightly tilted up; for short grain it is slightly tilted down; and for cutting badly lodged and tangled grain it is tilted just enough to get it all and not have to carry the swath. We guarantee that the height of cut can be changed to harvest all kinds of

CHAMPION BINDERS AND MOWERS.



THE IMPROVED CHAMPION STEEL FRAME BINDER.

THE IMPROVED CHAMPION

THE "GET THERE" MOWER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Among the many kinds of mowing machines that are offered for sale to the farmer, THE IMPROVED CHAMPION IS THE HERCULES of them all. There are more of the CHAMPION Mowing Machines made and sold than of all other kinds put together, a fact that clearly shows the good judgment and intelligence of farmers in the selection of so important an implement as the MOWING MACHINE. That there are so many of this one kind of mowing machine made and sold is not to be wondered at when its superiority over all others is taken into consideration. Superior in workmanship and material; superior in its cutter bar, knife and guards; superior in its pitman and pitman connections, which are WARRANTED NOT TO WEAR OUT; superior because there is no fly-wheel on which the grass can wind; superior because the frame does not hang down low, nor extend across the front of the machine; superior because the pitman moves in a straight line—there being no up and down movement, all the power applied to one end of the pitman is given to the knife at the other end without any loss; superior because of its simplicity, there being only two small gear-wheels which run slowly and make no noise, and these gears are WARRANTED NOT TO WEAR OUT. Compare this gearing with the complicated and fast-running lot of gears usually found on mowers boxed up to hide the complication; superior because of its durability, which is owing to the fact that the power is conveyed from the main gear direct to the pitman, and also owing to the ease with which lost motion can be taken up whenever there is any wear.

The Best Machines for the Farmer to Buy.

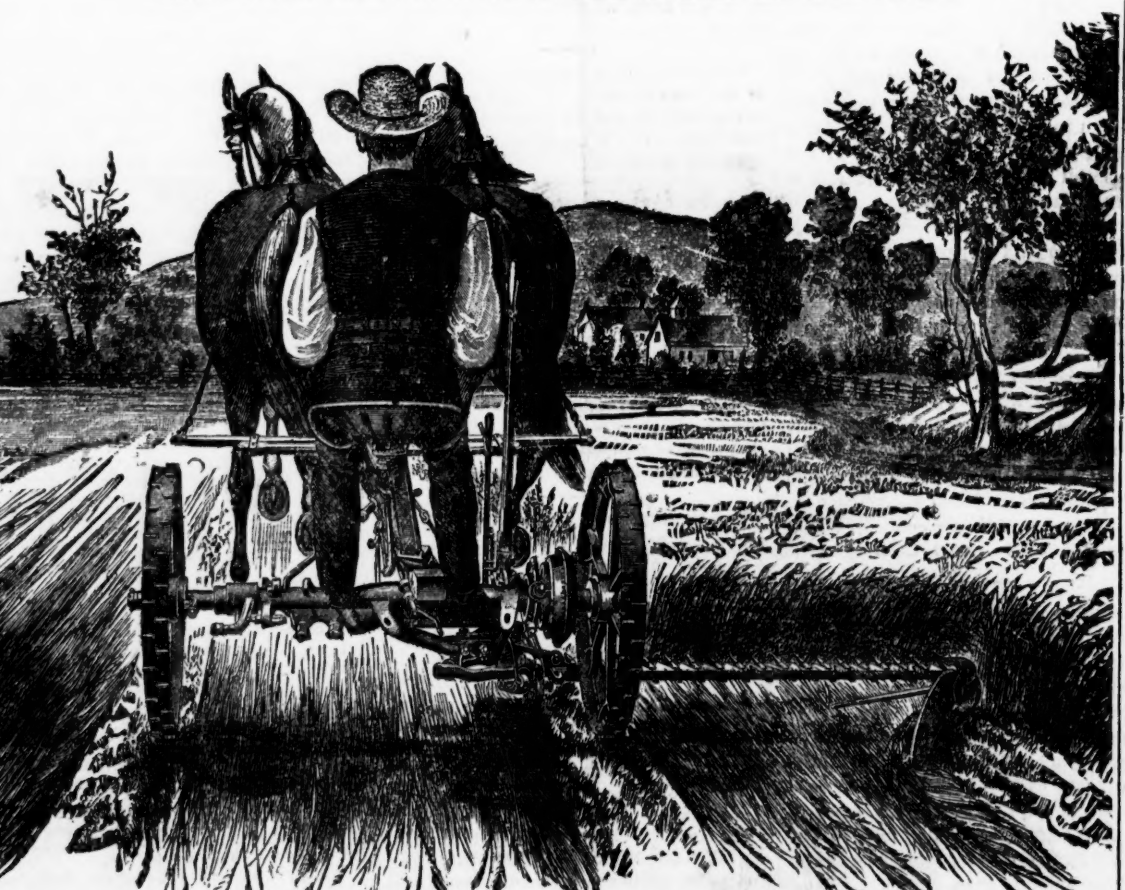
The Most Satisfactory Machines for the Farmer to Use.

The Most Convenient Machines for the Farmer to Handle.

The most Reliable Machines for the Farmer to Work.

The Most Desirable Machines for the Farmer to Own.

And altogether the most PRACTICAL and SERVICEABLE and ECONOMICAL and DURABLE Machines that can be found for the Farmers' Grass and Grain Fields.



THE IMPROVED CHAMPION MOWER.

grain; that it can be done with more ease to the operator, and in one-tenth of the time required to make the change on other styles of Harvesters; that it can be done instantly and easily while the machine is in motion. An examination of the CHAMPION machine will convince the most skeptical of the durability and practicability of this method of changing the height of the cut.

Next examine the cutting apparatus. As you know, Mr. Farmer, grass is much more difficult to cut than dry, clean grain. Some of the manufacturers who say a good deal about their Binders haven't discovered this yet, and have never made a good mowing machine. Frequently your grain is weedy or grassy, and many times you have some timothy, clover or flax to cut. When you buy a Harvester you're entitled to a machine that will do all this cutting. That is our idea—so we put upon the CHAMPION Harvester the same matchless cutting apparatus that has made CHAMPION Mowers renowned as the best grass cutters in the world. When you examine the CHAMPION, Mr. Farmer, just see what a long cutting edge there is on the sections in the knife. Note the triangular piece cut out of the back of each section to allow the dirt and gummy stuff to drop out and not choke the knife. See the splendid guards firmly fastened to the angle steel cutter bar; observe that the canvas runs only half an inch from the knife to prevent the accumulation of short stuff upon the platform; see the relief rake that starts this short stuff up the elevator and keeps the "dreaded" corner clear. It costs us more to make a machine in this way than if we furnished cast or malleable guards, bolted on an iron cutter bar, and furnished one cheap knife with shallow sections, and besides that, we lose the opportunity of selling you a Reaper to cut the flax, timothy or clover, but perhaps you are the gainer. When you examine the sample CHAMPION, if you should step upon the points of the guards, it will not do any damage. If you should like to do this on any other machine, get the agent's permission first.

Then examine the platform canvas. Perhaps you have wondered, Mr. Farmer, what enabled your neighbor to work from sunrise to sun-down with his CHAMPION Binder in all kinds of weather, while another neighbor with a "McDeereye" Binder could only cut after the dew had dried off. Well, Mr. Farmer, on the CHAMPION Binder you will find springs in the platform canvas that keep the tension just right on that canvas, whether wet or dry, and prevent wear, heavy draft, and torn-off straps and buckles. It costs something to put these springs in, and perhaps that and the fact that we own the patents, are the reasons why other manufacturers don't use them. These springs, besides enabling you to work longer each day (and time is money), make one canvas wear as long as two without them, and you should bear in mind when comparing prices, that the absence of these springs is a defect to the extent of at least \$5. Other manufacturers recognize the value of these springs, and one attempts an imitation by placing one spring in the middle of the platform and connecting it with the rollers by means of a rod. Unfortunately for this scheme, however, the canvas gets wettest and stretches most at the front edge, but the single spring cannot stretch the canvas further than allowed by the dry outer edge, which doesn't stretch at all, and the canvas slips or runs crooked.

Then examine the knotted. Agents for other Binders will tell you the knotted on their Binder is simplified, and will enlarge on the number of rivets, etc., left out. If it can't be adjusted to take up the wear, find out how much a new one will cost when some part wears a little. See how much twine is cut off and wasted when a knot is tied. The CHAMPION Knotter is the same that has worked so well for the last five years, and it has been simplified to the extent that when a part gets worn a little it need not be thrown away and replaced by a new Knotter. Neither does it require an expert to adjust it, as there are no fine-haired fixings about it; any farmer can, by the use of a screw-driver, adjust the CHAMPION Knotter, take up all lost motion caused by wear, and make it last as long as the other parts of the machine.

Then again see if there is a fast running, rickety sway-bar to rub against the canvas and wear it out. The many and loud complaints on this score have induced most manufacturers to change the position of this sway bar, and arrange the connection with the knife so that it could be disconnected in less than half a day, but there are some left who cling to the old style. There are many other features in which the superiority of the CHAMPION is as pronounced, but we haven't space in this letter to refer to them. If you will send us a postal card, giving your address and stating whether you wish a Binder or a Mower, we will gladly write you or send pamphlets giving a further description of our machines, and the name of our nearest agent where you can see samples. You may be sure that you will make no mistake if you buy a CHAMPION.

Very truly yours,

THE WARDER, BUSHNELL & GLESSNER CO.

THE WARDER, BUSHNELL & GLESSNER CO., Manufacturers, Springfield, O., Chicago, Ill., and Jackson, Mich.

3

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS.
Samples of these machines can be seen at this office. Address orders to
GIBBONS BROTHERS.
DETROIT, MICH.

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—AND—
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In writing for a change of address all that is
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MICHIGAN FARMER from Postoffice to
Postoffice. Sign your name in full.

DETROIT, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

The following dates have been selected
by Michigan breeders for sales of improved
stock:

MAY 22—John Strong & Sons, South Rockford
Dairy Shorthorns. J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

JUNE 6—J. Hennig, Battle Creek, Shorthorns
and Hereford cattle. J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

JUNE 11—J. S. Flint, Somerset, Shorthorn
cattle.

JUNE 12—C. F. Moore, St. Clair, Shorthorns.
J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

OCTOBER 24—A. W. Russell, Pawman, Shrop-
shires and Poland-Chinas.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 20,221 bu., against
41,505 bu. the previous week, and 32,784
bu. for corresponding week in 1888. Ship-
ments for the week were 76,854 bu., against
114,071 bu. the previous week, and 71,819
bu. the corresponding week last year. The
stocks of wheat now held in this city
amount to 78,804 bu., against 124,360
bu. last week, and 192,077 bu. at the cor-
responding date in 1888. The visible supply
of this grain on May 4 was 25,270,734 bu.,
against 26,043,218 bu. the previous week, and
31,317,380 bu. for the corresponding week in
1888. This shows a decrease from the amount
reported the previous week of 771,454
bushels. As compared with a year ago the
visible supply shows a decrease of 6,046,646 bu.

Values kept gradually crawling up the
past week until Thursday's close, when No. 1
white sold at 96½¢, and No. 2 red at 92¢.
Yesterday the market opened weak, but
declined on both spot and futures. Trading
is very light, with near futures the strongest.
No. 1 white is scarce and is worth a premium
of 3¢ over No. 2 red. Stocks held here
are the lightest for years at this season; an
active day's trade would take every bushel
and leave the market bare. It looks as if
there was a big chance for a corner in may
wheat, and it is apparent dealers feel this to
be feasible with sufficient capital and plenty
of nerve. Chicago opened weak yesterday
under heavy sales by operators, but strength-
ened before the close; all futures being high-
er by ½¢. New York reported May
wheat ½¢ higher than on Thursday, but the
longer deals unchanged. Considerable
wheat is being taken for export.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
April 20th to May 10th inclusive:

April 20th. No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.
White. Red. Red.

21st. 95 86 77
22nd. 95 86 77
23rd. 95 86 77
24th. 95 86 77
25th. 95 86 77
26th. 95 86 77
27th. 95 86 77
28th. 95 86 77
29th. 95 86 77
30th. 95 86 77
May 1st. 95 86 77
2nd. 95 86 77
3rd. 95 86 77
4th. 95 86 77
5th. 95 86 77
6th. 95 86 77
7th. 95 86 77
8th. 95 86 77
9th. 95 86 77
10th. 95 86 77

The closing prices on the various deals
in No. 2 red each day of the past week were
as follows:

May. June. July. Aug.
Saturday. 88 87 79 74
Monday. 88 87 79 74
Tuesday. 88 87 79 74
Wednesday. 88 87 79 74
Thursday. 88 87 79 74
Friday. 88 87 79 74

Rains were reported the past week in
Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. But there
appears to have been more wind than rain.
In the storms, cyclones being experienced at
various points.

The situation in the winter wheat belt is
becoming discouraging owing to the intense
heat and lack of moisture. If rain does
not come soon wheat growers will suffer
severe losses.

The continued dry weather has scared
dealers, and they are afraid of a corner.
Their purchases to cover contracts sent the
market upward.

The Chicago Tribune of Thursday says:
"It would be difficult to find a more disgruntled
lot of men than the majority of local
wheat scalpers in this city were late yester-
day. They had been long, and sold out just
before the upward shoot. Not one out of
twenty of them had held on for the advance."

Minnesota had a good rain [the present
week, and improved crop prospects are re-
ported by telegraph.

Reports from thirty-five counties in that
State to the Illinois Board of Agriculture
show a general need of rain. The weather
for the week has been cold and backward,
and the crops are suffering from lack of
water. In the central and southern counties that cut down
tender plants and injured fruit. Signs of
Hessian fly are reported in some sections.
Rain is wanted everywhere.

The following table shows the quantity
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in

the United States, Canada, and on passage
to Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

Visible supply. Bushels.
Total previous week. 15,260,678
On passage for United Kingdom. 2,880,000
On passage for Continent of Europe. 2,880,000

Total bushels April 30, 1889. 45,429,678
Total previous week. 45,429,678
Total two weeks ago. 45,429,678
Total April 21, 1888. 45,429,678

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending April 27 were
654,800 bu. more than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing April 13 the receipts are estimated to
have been 678,992 bu. less than the con-
sumption. The receipts show an increase
for those eight weeks of 5,188,664 bu. as
compared with the corresponding eight
weeks in 1888.

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending April 27, 1889, as per special
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 680,000 bu., of which 300,000
bu. were for the United Kingdom and
380,000 for the Continent. The shipments
for the previous week, as cable, amounted
to 440,000 bushels, of which 300,000 went to
the United Kingdom, and 140,000 to the
Continent. The shipments from that coun-
try from April 1, the beginning of the crop
year, to April 27, aggregated 1,960,000 bu.,
of which 1,240,000 bu. went to the United
Kingdom, and 720,000 bu. to the Con-
tinent. For the corresponding period in 1888
the shipments were 3,320,000 bu. The
wheat on passage from India April 17 was
estimated at 2,040,000 bu. One year ago
the quantity was 1,224,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was
quoted steady with light demand. Quotations
for American wheat are as follows: No. 2
winter, 68. 7d. per cental; No. 2 spring,
75. 4d.; California No. 1, 75. 05d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 5,156 bu., against 9,155
bu. the previous week, and 8,330 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1888. Shipments
for the week were 4,750 bu., against 22,259 bu.
the previous week, and 14,313 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1888. The visible
supply of corn in the country on May 4
amounted to 12,113,801 bu., against 12,526,190
bu. the previous week, and 9,436,671 bu.
at the same date in 1888. The visible sup-
ply shows a decrease during the week indi-
cated of 413,339 bu. The stocks now held
in this city amount to 61,496 bu. against
68,208 bu. last week, and 7,318 bu. at the
corresponding date in 1888. Corn is very
firm at a sharp advance. Dry weather at the
west is making farmers hold their stocks,
and prices are hardening both east and
west. No. 2 is selling here at 37¢ for spot,
36½¢ for May delivery, and 36½¢ for July.
Receipts are slackening up. At Chicago
corn is firm, and showed a slight gain yester-
day. No. 2 spot is quoted there at 35½¢,
June delivery at 35¢, July at 35½¢, and
August at 36¢ per bu. New York is
active and firm, an advance of ½¢
taken place yesterday on futures.

The Liverpool market yesterday was
quoted firm with good demand. New mixed
western, 3s. 10½d. per cental. In futures
May sold at 3s. 10½d., June at 3s. 10d., and
July at 3s. 10d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week
were 15,847 bu., against 14,376 bu. the
previous week, and 15,141 bu. for the cor-
responding week last year. The shipments for
the week were 1,060, against 17,036 the
previous week, and 2,700 bu. for same
week in 1888. The visible supply of this
grain on May 4th was 7,143,138 bu., against
6,700,490 bu. the previous week, and 4,082,012
at the corresponding date in 1888. The
visible supply shows an increase of 442,639
bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in
store here amount to 7,533 bu., against
10,483 bu. the previous week, and 11,139
bu. the corresponding week in 1888. Oats are
scarce, and with light stocks and a fair de-
mand holders have been enabled to ad-
vance prices; during the week. No. 2
white is now selling at 31¢ per bu.,
light mixed at 30½¢, and No. 3 mixed at
29½¢. No speculative sales are reported.

At the advance the market is strong and in
favor of sellers. At Chicago the market is
also higher, and holders are firm. Prices
are yet very low, and could advance 2¢
more with advantage. No. 2 mixed spot
is quoted there at 23½¢ per bu., June de-
livery at 23½¢, July at 23½¢, and August at
23½¢. At New York the market for oats is
quoted firm and higher on both spot and
futures, with white the strongest. Quota-
tions yesterday were as follows: No. 2
white, 34½¢; mixed western 29½¢; No. 2
white western, 34½¢. In futures No. 2
mixed for May closed at 29½¢, June at 29¢,
and July at 29½¢ per bu.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The extreme heat of the past few days,
coupled with liberal receipts and declining
markets at other points, caused a heavy drop
in values yesterday. Dealers pushed stocks
to get rid of them before prices settled, but
this only added to the weakness. The range
on the best of the receipts of dairy at the
close was 16½¢, with fair stock at 14¢
to 15¢. Low grade stock unsalable. Cream-
ery weak at 10½¢, and only taken when
choice dairy is not to be had. The improve-
ment in pastures has helped both the flow
of milk and the flavor of the butter, but most
of the stock arriving is not in condition to
keep long. At Chicago stock exhibited a
slight accumulation, and, with trade mostly
on local account, the market was easy at the
close. A few dairies were offered, but
the quality was usually inferior and
sales slow except at inside prices. Quota-
tions in that market were as follows:
Choice creamery, Elgin district, 18¢
to 19¢ per lb.; do Iowa and Wisconsin, 15¢
to 16½¢; best dairies, 14½¢ to 15¢; poor to com-
mon stock, 7 to 10¢. The New York market
is lower and slow, the warm weather caus-
ing weakness. The Daily Bulletin says of
the market:

"With liberal arrivals, a slow, cautious
demand, quality not of character to stand up
under present warm weather and holders
therefore urging sales at every opportunity,
the market continues weak and unsettled.
State creamery is of irregular quality, and
a very little good enough to bring 20¢. West-
ern other than Elgin is freely offered at 16¢

for the finest makes, and slow at that, and
holders rarely allow a buyer to go away ½¢
under that. All grades of Western pack-
ed are showing up poor and ruling very dull,
with prices weak and uncertain."

Quotations in that market yesterday
were as follows:

Western Creamery, fancy. 18 00
Creamery, prime. 18 00
Creamery, fair. 18 00
State dairy, tubs, fancy new. 18 00
State dairy, tubs, good. 18 00
State dairy, tubs, fair. 18 00
State dairy, tubs, prime. 18 00
State dairy, tubs, fair to good. 18 00
Old State dairy, tubs and extra. 18 00

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THE SONGSTERS OF BOSTON.

Picture her, the poetess,
As young and lithe and slender;
The shy, sweet charm of spring within
Her dewy eyes so tender.

Picture her a fragile flower
Who fed but on fair fancies—
A creature airy, light as those
We read of in romances.

But when I saw this poetess—
This poetess of passion—
Lo, she was rugged in all the rage
And furbelows of fashion.

Her manner rather high than shy,
Yet not exactly haughty;
And she'll sweat she was not fair,
She was both fat and forty.

And oh, alas! and worst of all,
I saw, as I'm a sinner,
This devotee of Erato
Eat pork and beans for dinner.

THE DONATION PARTY.

"Is this all we've got for dinner?" said
Alice May, rather dolefully.

"Isn't it enough?" retorted Phoebe, her
eyes.

The dining-room in Exbrook Parsonage
was unmistakably shabby. It was bad
enough when the friendly gloom of a rainy
day concealed its shortcomings in some de-
gree. But on a clear, uncompromising Oc-
tober noon like this, the cruel sunshine re-
vealed each crack in the ceiling, every worn
spot in the carpet, like a magnifying glass.

And really there was some occasion for
the doleful glance with which Alice regarded
the table. There was the extreme shank
of a ham boiled into rags, a few slices
of cold beef, some baked potatoes, and a cus-
tomarily certain had not been rendered
indigestible by too much richness of mater-
ial. There were remains of yesterday's stew,
half a cold apple pie, and a plate of home-
made pickles; and around this meal gath-
ered four little Maids, with ravenous eyes, while
George, the eldest brother, who had been do-
ing some amateur whitewashing, was mak-
ing a lasty toilet in the sink-room, and
the two grown sisters superintended the
anquet. Mr. May was engaged on the
fiftieth of his next Sunday's sermon, and
his wife was at a neighbor's house helping
prepare a cross old crone, who had worn out
everybody's patience but hers.

"Enough, I suppose," said Alice, "but
not very appetizing. Now, is it?"

"Poor folks have no business to expect
anything good," said Phoebe, shortly. "In-
fact, I don't know that they have any busi-
ness to live at all! Geffrey, take your fingers
out of the sugar-bowl. Lizzie, sit up
straight."

"Why, Phoebe, what's the matter?" said
Alice, gently, moving the bowl of saccharine
gums out of Geoffrey's reach, and helping
a perpendicularize the small Lizzie in her
gait.

"Oh, I don't know," said Phoebe. "I'm
goss."

"No need to tell us that," dryly observed
George, seating himself. "It is one of the
very few facts patent to all observers.
There's that!"

"It's that donation party," said Phoebe,
with an impatient backward toss of her
mane of burn hair.

"Oh," said George.
"I hate donation parties!" cried out
Phoebe, recklessly carving the ham into un-
ctuous shavings. "I think them an insult
to people. There!"

George whistled; Alice smiled; the chil-
dren all stared.

"If they want to do father a favor," went
on Phoebe, breathlessly, loading up the chil-
dren's plates with all sorts of incongruous
materials, "why don't they pay him his salary,
instead of letting it run behind? Why don't
they repair this dismal hole of a parsonage,
and stop the church chimney from smoking,
and do what they ought to do? Who wants
us? Pye to bring us a croquet ticket,
and Squire Bassett to sort out all his damag-
e-claims for our benefit, and Sarah Jones to
work horrible pen-wipers for us? We're not
desires of charity yet, are we?"

"Hush, Phoebe!" soothed Alice.
"It's the custom, sis," said George. "I
can't say I quite uphold it myself, but—
hush! here comes the pater."

Mr. May was a mild old gentleman with a
kind head and spectacles, who sat down to
his meal in an absent sort of way, as if his
mind was somewhere in Syro-Phoenicia. The
children might have safely continued their
discussion; he would have been none the
wiser.

Phoebe May was twenty years old. She
was not a beauty, nor was she remarkably
talented; but she had a round, fresh face
with hazel eyes, and warm, red-brown hair,
and there was a deal of practical common-
sense in her make-up.

Alice was the family beauty—a pink-and-
white Dresden china little creature—and in
that conventional mind of hers Phoebe
had fully settled that Alice was to make a
brilliant match, and that she, Phoebe, was to
settle down into the iron-gray monotony of
old maidhood.

But in life's deal there were some things
that she would have liked different, and this
intending donation party weighed very
heavily on her soul.

It was supposed to be a surprise to the
minister and his wife, Alice, Phoebe, and
George had, however, been let into the secret,
as a sort of necessary preliminary.

"I wish," said Alice, thoughtfully, "that
Mrs. Danfield would think to give us a new
stitching-room carpet. Ours is worn through
to the very boards of the floor; and she has
just recaptured her house with real Brus-
sels."

"She will give you a bunch of paper roses,
you will see," scornfully retorted Phoebe.
"The Pyes are rich," said George. "The
mother would appreciate a sewing-machine
from Mrs. Pye, now wouldn't she?"

Phoebe shrugged her shoulders.

"I can tell exactly what Mrs. Pye intends
to give us," said she. "One of those book-
marks that her grand-daughter worked—or a
spatter-work tidy. Oh, George, if you only
knew how I hated all this!"

Toward dusk the presents began to come in.
Mrs. Danfield sent a jug of molasses,
Deacon Brower brought a bag of hickory
nuts ("as if the woods weren't full of them,"
said Phoebe, contemptuously), Josie Fuller
brought a yellow puppy, Miss Sarrel contri-
buted a staring comode, the Widow Pole-
ward a bag of rancid hens' feathers, Billy
Brown a setting of duck's eggs. It was
planned to fill the back kitchen with gifts

of this nature, and to display them all at
once to the wondering eyes of the minister
and his wife as a surprise.

"Sister, sister!" piped little Lizzie, "here's
a chair! From Mrs. Biggs!"

Alice groaned.

"It's the old chair that stood all last sum-
mer on her porch," said she. "Painted over
and glued up! But it won't last a month!"

"Mrs. Biggs all over," said Phoebe. "At
this rate we shall be rich."

It was nearly dark when Harry Balkan
came in. Phoebe was emptying a paper of
yeast cakes which old Mrs. Barrow had sent.
Old Mrs. Barrow had been very sick that
summer, and both the minister and his wife
had kept many a faithful vigil at her side.
Naturally, she wished to show her apprecia-
tion of the village doctor, and she had sent him
a pair of home manufacture.

Harry Balkan was a tall, straight young
man, with eyes blacker than any shoe, and a
quiet, earnest way with him. He came in
with a bag over his shoulder. Phoebe eyed
him anxiously.

"Well?" said she.

"You're going to have a donation party
here to-night, they tell me?" said Harry.

"Yes."

There was a warning flash in Phoebe's
eyes.

"I thought I would come in early—before
the commotion began," said she.

"The commotion is here now," said she.
"Phoebe?"

"Yes, Mr. Balkan."

"Would you be offended if I were to offer
you—"

"Yes, I would!" broke out Phoebe, reddening
to the very roots of her hair. "I don't
want it! It's an insult! Carry it back home,
whatever it is, and please—please don't
think that because I have the misfortune to
be a minister's daughter, that—"

Harry's dark eyes glittered, half with fun,
half with vexation.

"Phoebe," said he, "you are a little vic-
ious! Won't you hear me out?"

"Is it buckwheat flour?" said Phoebe, in-
dignantly eyeing the bag, "or is it black-
eyed beans? Because we've got a great
plenty of both, thank you all the same."

"The bag isn't intended for you," said
Harry. "It is on its way to Doctor Bruce,
full of castor-oil seeds. I couldn't put my
offering into a bag nor pack it in a box. It's
too big."

"Nobody wants your offering!" sputtered
Phoebe.

Harry put down the bag on a chair, and
looked both Phoebe's hands in his.

"Are you quite sure of that?" said he.

"Dear little Phoebe, don't look so cross at
me. I came here to offer you myself, and I
don't propose to go away until you have said
either yes or no. I know you are cross; but
I can't help risking it, Phoebe. I can't live
any longer in suspense. I like you, in spite
of all the scoldings you give me—and I want
to marry you. Come, Phoebe, is it yes or
no?"

Phoebe blushed redder than any rose. She
made an instinctive movement to slip out of
the room; but Harry intercepted her, and
placed his back composedly against the door.

"Is it Squire Deby," gasped Phoebe, "with
a gallon can of kerosene oil?"

"I don't care if it was a cargo of dynamite,"
said Harry. "Is it 'Yes'?"

"I must tell you 'No,'" pleaded Phoebe.

"Is it 'No'?"

"And there is Dr. Gibbons's gig, with a
bundle of broom-corn and a basket of Hub-
bard squashes! Do let me go, Harry!"

"Not one step, until my fate is decid-
ed!"

Phoebe darted a shy glance at him from
under her long lashes. Apparently she was
meditating a rebellion; but a second fusilade
of persistent knuckles at the door decided
the question.

"They will knock in the panels!" said she.
"Yes, Harry—yes! only let me open the
door!"

But even then Harry did not suffer her to
open the door until he had taken a very de-
liberate and satisfactory kiss.

"You are a little darling!" said he.

"And I knew I should conquer you, in
time."

The squire and the doctor came in, but
Harry had taken himself and his bag of
castor-oil beans off through an open win-
dow.

"Anything wrong about the fastenings of
this 'ere door?" said the squire gruffly.

"I—I couldn't get the barrel of apples
out of the way," said Phoebe, coloring very
red.

The Donation Party came triumphantly off
that night. Apples and salt pork, patch-work
quilts and macramé tidies arrived in due
proportion. The minister made a speech of
thanks. His wife wondered how much
would be left of her best china and well-worn
carpets before the company was gone. But
through it all Phoebe seemed to walk on rose-
colored clouds. Nothing put her out. All the
irritation was gone from her heart; and
Alice, watching her with a smile, said to her-
self:

"Dear Phoebe! Lo, it has come at last!
The Enchanted Prince has ridden up to the
castle gates to set her free. I am so
glad!"

The Modern Literary Society.

"You will so enjoy our literary society,"
said the Washington girl to her friend from
New York, who was paying her a visit.

"The society meets at our house to-morrow,
and you'll have a chance to see the really in-
tellectual women of the city."

"How delightful!" said the New York
girl, with her mouth full of hairpins. "We
have nothing like that in our set. Mother is
all taken up with fashionable life and
dresses, and so you see, I am obliged to
live the life of a butterfly. I just envy you."

"You poor thing," said her friend, heat-
ing a slate pencil in the gas. "It is so hard
to feel those longings for the higher life and
yet be chained to the unsatisfying duties of
society. Ma, you know, is regarded as intel-
lectual, and she said she made up her mind
long ago not to turn me loose a mere fashion-
able plate," and the beautiful girl, having finish-
ed her bangs, gave an extra tweak to a lac-
ing cord and grabbed up a lot of wire spirals
encased in pink cambric.

"It must be lovely; but what do you do at
your club?"

"Ah! Everything. We write papers on
different subjects, criticism, and reviews.

We have instrumental and vocal music.
Then when it's over the hostess serves the
loveliest lunch. Ma is a perfect artist, and
can spring more surprises at a feed than any
one I know. Pa says she lies awake nights
scheming out new dishes and decorations.
The lunch served at last meeting here
fairly made the other women green. O! Ma's
out on spreads. You ought to have seen her
get away with Mrs. D. Vandick Smith's
sugared violets and lilac and heliotrope ef-
fort."

"What do you have to-morrow?" asked
the New York girl, minding up and down
before a swinging mirror and kicking her
skirts to see if they hung right.

"Mrs. James Ward Bingham will have
a paper on Italian art. You ought to
see her. She's too artistic for anything.
She has spent years abroad and discusses the
old masters as you do gowns and things.
Art is her faith. Her voice will make you tired,
but her clothes are awfully soothing. She
promised to wear one of her Greek gowns.
It is a white clinging dress, with a girle of
real stones and embroidered with gold and
silver thread."

"Does she write well on art?"

"I should remark. She knows all about
—O, what's his name?—Ralph; no, Ralph
and—and—well, that other old fellow—
let me see—Van—Van—O, yes, Vandike.
You'll like her gowns, and her hair is lovely
in a Psyche."

"What else do you have? I'm so inter-
ested."

"Well," said the Washington girl, rubbing
the powder off here and there and touching
up her eyebrows, "Mrs. Porter Cadwallader
will sing. Her execution is wonderful.
Don't let me forget to tell you the tenor
story. Of course, one can't tell, but they do
say Mr. C. shut down on the Friday night
rehearsal and that the tenor is in Boston.
Then you'll hear Margaret Dobson's review
of Spencer."

"Spencer? What Spencer? That old En-
glish literary, half-bred Spencer?"

"No, goose! Herbert, of course. All about
the unknown and evolution. Ma and I
ran through Spencer last month, and of
course, we'll enjoy the article. Pa sniffs at
the idea of women comprehending such
books, but Pa's so old-fashioned! By the way,
remind me to tell you of Miss Dobson's fir-
tation with a foreigner, and how angry her
people were. They want her to marry one
of those rich Dakota fellows."

"Where can I get Spencer? I'm going
to try and improve myself when I leave
Washington."

"Take my copy, dear; you can read it on
the way home. Then, of course, you'll want
Browning. We all study him."

"O, dear, and you understand Browning,
too?"

"Good gracious, no; nobody does. That's
the fun. He's lovely. We first discuss and
discuss, and try to guess what he means. It
is all so elevating. Ma and I have an ex-
quisite ease with his portrait, and a shelf for
his works. A vase of flowers always stands
before it. Pa laughs at it, but then he has
no literary tastes. This grieves me, but she
goes on improving all the same. I'll show
you a sweet scarf I embroidered for this
easel. Nothing's too good for Brown n."

Then you'll hear Miss Stuyvesant play. She
finished music in Germany, and can get
more noise out of a piano than Von Balow
himself. She looks too Dutch for anything—
has lost all her style. You will hear Miss
Leland read a paper on "Theosophy" and
Miss Carrington does the scientific. I'm on
for a recitation. Ma has got me an em-
pire gown that will show off elegantly. The
exercises will soon be over and you'll en-
joy the lunch and the swell spring gowns."

"I mean to coax mother to give up some
of her fashionable parties and organize a
literary society," said the New York girl.
"I know it would be grand. It's a shame
for girls with talent and brains to spend their
lives like butterflies."

"That's so," responded the Washington
belle, tilting her hat over her eyes and
pinning a red veil on. "This sort of thing
keeps me out of the common society gossip.
Ma says I'm improved wonderfully already
by associating with intellectual and artistic
people."

And the two friends, gloved and parasoled,
set out to order flowers for the literary lunch
and buy robes at a bargain counter.—
Washington Post.

Lies and Liars.

A liar is a person who tells falsehoods
habitually. The word habitually is used ad-
visedly. A man may take a drink occasion-
ally without being a drunkard. It would be
occasionally made a false representation.
An eminent merchant once said no man
could carry on a large dry goods business
and get rich at it without lying some. If he
did not lie some he could have men about
him who could say enticing things and make
the worst seem the best. The goods must
be sold at a profit to make money.

There are many liars in this world. The
palmist remarked: "I said in my haste all
men are liars." If he could have deliber-
ated on this thing during an exciting elec-
tion contest he might not have changed his
mind at leisure. Master George Washington
said he could not tell a lie. If he could not
tell one then, of course his merit for
truthfulness was not so great as that of one
who could tell a lie and would not. But it
must be remembered that when George
made his cherry tree remark about his truth-
fulness he was a small boy, and that was
long before he engaged in politics. When
he was running for office, and before he be-
came President, he never said anything
about not being able to tell lies. He made
promises to make and postoffices to give out,
and had to do the best he could.

Lady Macduff, talking to her little son
during the troublesome times in Scotland,
when men died "ere the flowers in their
caps withered," told him that a traitor
is a man who lies and swears, and that they
must all be hanged, every one. "Who
must hang them?" asked the boy. "Why,
the honest men," said the mother. "Then,"
said the boy, "the liars and swearers are
fools; there are liars and swearers enough
to beat the honest men and hang them up."
That is how the population arranged in those
days. Things have changed since then.
Perhaps there are more liars now. There
are more people.

Somebody is responsible for this. Satan
is on record as the father of lies. Some-
body was the father of Satan. It is written

that Satan was once an angel and stood high
among his associates. It is terrible to think
he could have been an angel in heaven and
telling lies so stoutly that he was called the
father of lies. He must have done some-
thing for the story goes that he was cast
out of heaven and sent below for being a
bad angel. It shows how low even an angel
may fall. But let that pass.

There are numerous kinds of liars. A
few of the little untruths one meets in so-
ciety are called white lies. A polite person
says she is glad to see you when she is not;
she says to a servant that she is not at home
when the wrong person calls; that she will
be sure to keep an engagement—one she re-
grets having made and does not intend
keeping—these may be called white lies.
Friendly lies may be told by friends who
are trying to make the best of bad news and
think they are doing it for the best. Black
and malicious liars are those who lie to do
harm, who perjure themselves to convict
others for crimes. They deserve the hottest
damnation that can be laid out for them.
A man associated with Falstaff said: "I do
despise a liar." So do we all. There are
"infinite and endless liars and hourly prom-
ise breakers." They are all despised.

There are bragging liars. They have al-
ways something wonderful to say about
themselves that really never happened.
They will tell you what this or that great
man said to them when he had said nothing.
They brag about their business when they
are doing nothing to speak of. Some of
them print newspapers—in New York—and
lie tremendously about their circulation.
They are of the Baron Munchausen order,
and make themselves believe they are be-
lieved.

The oldest inhabitant liar is among the
most harmless of all old boys. He will tell
you all about Jackson's war, and how the
cotton bales were placed for breakfasts, and
how they have never been placed since, and
how things looked when the stars fell, and
how he skated to Algiers when the Missis-
sippi River was frozen over; how he talked
with Lafayette, and how he actually took in
everything he had ever read about. The old-
est inhabitant liar is too old to be disposed;
and there is no backing down a man who
tells you of what he has heard and seen him-
self.

The campaign liar is superb. He is so
grand that his friends have to nail him to
keep him down on earth. He works for
both and any sides at the same time. He
stops at nothing softer than a brick wall.
When the campaign is not too clean he will
undertake to ruin the character of any can-
didate. He is not thought much of.

The polite liar is delicious. He always
says you are looking well—that you do not
seem a day older than you did ten years ago
—that he is delighted to see you. He does
not bore you, because he is polite and knows
when to stop, and when to take himself off.
The polite liar is among the most tolerable
of all liars; but he is still a liar. He mixes
tally with his falsehood and makes it palat-
able.—New Orleans Picayune.

Dr. T. HEMAN BREMER, an eminent
German authority, says: "Consumption is
always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs,
caused by bad blood." At the Brompton
Hospital for consumptives, London, Eng., a
statement has been published that 52 per-
cent of the patients of that institution have
unsuspected kidney disorder. This explains
why the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure
claim that they have received many testi-
monials which they have not published,
because of the incredulity with which they
would be received were it claimed that
Warner's Safe Cure cures consumption.

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est inhabitant liar is too old to be disposed;
and there is no backing down a man who
tells you of what he has heard and seen him-
self.

Was—And did she let you slump?
George—Yes.
Was—You are courting the wrong girl.

One day, says The Philadelphia American
Dr. McCosh, when the president of Princeton
College, came into the mental philosophy
class and said: "Ah, young gentlemen, I
have an impression! Now, young gentlemen,"
continued the doctor, as he touched his head
with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an
impression is?" No answer. "What! No
one knows? No one can tell what an impres-
sion is!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up, and
down the class. "I know," said young Alan
Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft
place." "Young gentlemen, a dent in a soft
place, removing his hand from his forehead and
growing red in the face, "you are excused
for the day."

JUDGE NELSON of the district court, admin-
istering justice rather than law. He is a great
haired Scandinavian, and does not have any
special use for young lawyers. On one oc-
casion, when Tom Ryan was trying a case
before him, the judge made a ruling which
was so contrary to all precedent, though
obviously taking a fair view of the matter
that the attorney became excited, and, jump-
ing up, exclaimed:

"The court can't do that; the court can't
render a decision like that!" Judge Nelson
was calm and unmoved.

"Young man," he said, "sit down. The
court can render any decision it wants to. I'm
the court."

A NATIVE Hoosier, fresh from the Wabash,
and who wants to be postmaster at his cross-
roads, was telling a boarding-house acquaint-
ance this morning about a supper he had at
John Chamberlain's last evening as a guest of
a member of Congress. "We had a new-
fangled game supper," remarked the Hoosier,
"and it beat any cookin' I ever saw in In-
dianay." "What kind of game was it?"

"'Twas what they called a Welsh rabbit,
cooked into a thin paste and spread on toast,
and was mighty good eating, I tell you. There
was no bones in it. These Welsh rabbits were
different from our Indiana cotton-tails, or
maybe it's the way Chamberlain has of
cookin' 'em," continued the Hoosier, as he
lapped his long tongue over his lips in mem-
ory of the good taste left in his mouth.

The dignified girl was on the street-car
the other evening, and her lower lip pouted out

